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TELEPHONE, BEEKMAN 5200.

"THE SIGNERS."

With fervent hearts, with souls aflame,
We celebrate that day of grace
When our forefathers met to frame
The Magna Charta of our race.

How nobly, Thomas Jefferson,
You trumpeted the rights of man!
John Adams, your great creed will run
Beyond the ages' span.

John Hancock, Franklin, Carroll, Lee,
And all who signed and sealed with you
The splendid ideals of the free,
You builded better than you knew.

"Life, liberty and happiness—"
You knew their cost was war's afflictions,
And pain and blood and souls' distress,
Yet you dared all to claim your rights.

You won; you gained sweet years of peace,
That Freedom's field might glow with stars,
But when will kings their taxing cease
Or Tyranny forego its wars?

Across the seas Force still enthralls
Our kinsmen, crying to be free;
We chase our souls of greater worth
Our God created heritage.

For freedom was not given to hoard;
The light would fade from that high creed
If we should fear to draw the sword
When brothers pray us to be freed.

God did not give man's spirit birth
To crush it with an emperor's heel;
He holds our souls of greater worth
Than might's vast treasures of steel.

The seas may continents divide,
They cannot sever brotherhood;
With freedom loving lands allied
We battle for the common good.

O signers of that deathless page,
Lead and direct your sons' advance
Where despots foul our glorious age
In shackled Belgium, harried France.

Gird them for their heroic fight,
For they go forth from the free
That they with their life blood may write
The charter of world liberty.

DANIEL M. HENNINGSEN,
Author of "The Road to France,"
New York, July 3, 1917.

The Fourth Here and in France.

This is our day of independence,
and France is celebrating it as she
has never celebrated any other except
the Fourteenth of July, the anniversary
of the Bastille's fall. Both days
commemorate the beginnings of pro-
longed struggles for liberation. In
both instances the struggle issued vic-
toriously. If to-day marks approxi-
mately the commencement of another
struggle for the same glorious
object, we have a right to rejoice. The
omens are with us. We shall, more-
over, fight side by side and our com-
bined strength will not fail.

The message of the day is a mes-
sage of indescribable cheer. Our sol-
diers are in France. Our ships help
to patrol the busiest of the oceans. At
home every wheel is turning. Our
hearts are in the task before us. A
solemn day? Rather a day for shouts,
for throwing of hats in air, for exulta-
tion. We are not aware that our
fathers received the news of the sign-
ing of the Declaration of Independ-
ence with the corners of their mouths
pulled down.

Vive la France! America, hurrah!

Kerensky.

The great hour almost invariably
produces the great man. It is KERENSKY
the great man of the Russian revolution?
Is he destined to be its WASHINGTON,
rather than its NAPOLEON—
guiding it through the stormy seas
of war into the haven of peaceful
democracy, rather than distorting its
hard won democracy into an ultimate
imperialism?

In a sense KERENSKY was the first
voice of the real revolution. It was
he who after listening to the Czar's
edict dissolving the Duma rose in his
place and said: "We will not go. We
will stay here." His instinct for
leadership was infallible. The Duma
stayed, and so staying accomplished
the first act of the revolution—an act
destined to be as historic as the re-
fusal of the States General of France
to disperse at the command of Louis.

That instinct of leadership was im-
pressively manifested when, on the
first day of July, he called to the sol-
diers to charge the German trenches,
declaring that if they failed he would
make the assault alone. It was pre-
cisely the note of personal appeal, the
cry of individual valor needed by an
army bedeviled by German agents,
perplexed by intrigue, hesitant and
vacillating in its conception of its

duty. With a roar and a rush the
troops responded and Russia is once
more to be counted upon as a factor
in the war.

It was such a stroke as NAPOLEON
in the magnetic appeal of his youth
applied more than once to the revolu-
tionary soldiery of France and never
once failed.

The vital importance of the mili-
tary activity of Russia to the cause
of the Allies makes the life of this
young social revolutionist a serious
force in the war. His is the most
promising personality for the militant
forces of Russia to rally about. But
he is physically frail—a mighty soul
in a sorely racked body.

KERENSKY is easily the most in-
teresting and in many ways the most
important figure in the war drama to-
day. It will be well for the world if
his part in it does not turn out a
tragic one.

Peering Into the Future.

Forward looking citizens who make
it a practice to observe whether they
are drifting—or being shoved—are
asking themselves, What of the future,
what of the dread day when it may
be impossible to stop in at Jany's
and get a snifter? Exactly what?

No man can say, but it appears
likely that in due time one of the
two evils of twilight will disappear.
We refer to the Manhattan cocktail,
compounded in large part of rye
whiskey. Far perhaps two genera-
tions men, by engaging one of these
on the brink of dinner, have used up
enough grain to fatten over so many
pigs, enough Manchurian cherries to
fill the Panama Canal, and enough
bitters to cure the shivering of a
slacker. When whiskey goes the Man-
hattan will go with it. There is no
synthetic substitute; the original is
too terrible to be counterfeited.

But the fate of the other, milder,
perhaps more devilish twin is in
doubt. The Martini, most prolific
producer of cold gray dawners, is of
stuff largely imported. The four or
five million gallons of gin made in
America are a drop in the cocktail
bucket. The bitter wines and the
wormwood from which vermouth is
distilled come from Italy and France.
So, unless the sale of imported liq-
uors is forbidden, the Martini, pale,
dry sister of the Manhattan, will live
when her ruddy brother is departed.

So, too, the old fashioned cocktail
will pass and the forests hitherto
felled for pestles to mash the lump
sugar will build great fleets. The
elimination of the whiskey sour will
release billions of lemons for the al-
lied sailors. The rye hickbill, which
annually consumes more ice than is
cut from the Amazon, may be suc-
ceeded by the Manly Taylor, the
Lorelei of digestion. The whiskey
recluse, perhaps the worst of intended
drinks, will be a counterfeit removed
from circulation, thus adding to the
world's supply of fishes.

Men will quarrel no longer about
how the mint julep should be made,
but about how it should be made.
On the tables where once it stood
with frosted sh-rts the claret punch
will raise its periscope straws. The
mint that is saved will go with the
leah which some food dictator will
not let us eat. The sugar will be de-
voted to the composition of the gin
fizz, that opalescent sea in which the
sunray does not come up for the
third time.

What of rum, base of the greatest
punches? St. Croix is foreign terri-
tory no longer. Will the dire, delect-
able stuff be shut out for the con-
servation of syrup, blackberries and
sliced pineapple?

The future is one to ponder. There
are great artists whose occupation
may be removed more rapidly than
Orpheus'. It is not hard to fancy
them somewhere in France, creeping
across No Man's Land armed with
bangstammers and leopards and bound
for vengeance. There will be little
reason for them to remain here when
only the Juniper berry perfumes the
temples of the Demon.

The East St. Louis Riots.

Race antagonism, of course, was at
the bottom of the bloody riots in East
St. Louis in which it is feared that
as many as 100 negroes may have
lost their lives. But there was an
economic basis to it also. Not in
East St. Louis alone but in many in-
dustrial cities of the North not far
from the line of the Potomac and
Ohio rivers, or that shadowy Mason
and Dixon's line which once defined
the divergent civilizations of the
North and the South, working people
are disquieted by the northward
march of the Southern negro seeking
employment.

The almost complete cessation of
immigration due to the war has
caused a famine in unskilled labor in
the industrial centres of the North.
Wages are high and growing higher.
No substitutes are readily found for
the hosts of southern Italians, Poles,
Slovaks and kindred races upon whom
our railways and other large con-
structive enterprises have relied for
their heavy work. Naturally the
employment agencies discovered the
Southern negro, and proceeded to
raid the territory he inhabits. Strong,
willing, good natured, he seemed the
ideal "man with the hoe," or with
the pick and shovel. Gayly irrespon-
sible and eager for new sights, he was
readily lured from the country which
as a rule he prospers best. The prom-
ise of a daily wage twice as great as
the South will pay for like service
and almost as much as he gets in a
week in the cotton field was too al-
luring. The exodus of the negro from
the South alarmed that section, even
as his invasion has afflicted cer-
tain classes in the North. It is said
that the South has already lost more
than 500,000 of its workers. Em-
ployment agents from Northern towns

would run an excursion train into
a Southern village and take it out
loaded with all the available field
labor of the neighborhood. Alarmed
by the raids the South tried every
available expedient to stop them—
not always stopping short of violence.
As Northern communities mobbed
the negroes for coming in, so
Southern communities mobbed the
employment agents for inducing them
to go out.

Neither section has the correct re-
medy for the trouble. What has been
done in East St. Louis puts the black-
faced stain of outburst and crime upon
that community. No investor, no
settler will think twice before
intrusting either his property or his
person to a community which is still
in the stage of frontier barbarism.
The great State of Illinois will no
doubt enforce the law in this turbu-
lent community and inflict due pun-
ishment upon the ringleaders of the
murderous mob. But it will be many
years before either Illinois or its riot-
ous city can expunge from the nation-
al mind the harmful impression
made by this outbreak.

But the negro is undoubtedly bet-
ter off in the South, and the South is
better off in proportion as it can keep
its colored population at home. It
must pay better wages to begin with,
else economic forces will infallibly
lure the negro away. To-day the
South understands the peril confront-
ing it in the unrest of its working
people. But it is an unrest for which
the dominant element of the South-
ern people is wholly responsible.

The war, of course, is the cause
of the security of unskilled labor to-
day. The workers on whom we long
relied are in the trenches or fighting
in the Dolomites and the Carpathians.
But if peace should set them free a
large proportion would be debarr-
ed from seeking employment in our land
by the law for the restriction of im-
migration, drawn by an Alabama
Congressman, and carried to enact-
ment over the President's veto by
Southern votes.

A condition, not a theory, confronts
the South. With immigration curbed,
wages for labor in the North will al-
ways be thus as to attract the negro,
and thus leave desolate the Southern
fields. To meet this situation the
people of the South must either pay
wages they now think ruinous, or
strike off the curb they have applied
to the free incoming of the sturdy
workers of southern Europe on whom
we have relied for most of our heavy,
unskilled labor.

Fourth of July in the Allen Family.

We salute JOHN CALHOUN ALLEN
of Clay county, Kentucky, congratu-
late his son, who bears his name, and
felicitate Judge JULIUS M. MAYER
of the United States District Court
on having presented to him a proper,
safe and wholly laudable way to keep
the young man out of jail.

The Junior Jons fell away in this
town from the ideals and discipline
of his birthplace, and when called on
to register under the selective army
act he refused. He was arrested,
convicted and held for sentence; but
Marshal McCARTHY, believing that
another treatment might be more ef-
fectual in his case, wrote to his
father to come on from Kentucky and
look out for him.

True to the traditions and cus-
toms of his people, who can forgive
much but never desertion of a fellow
in time of need, the senior Jons
came, a rugged, straightforward prod-
uct of the freedom that obtains where
our contemporary ancestors live. He
spoke to the court; and forthwith to
him was entrusted the custody of his
miser son, and the responsibility for
his obedience to the law. The young
man registered without delay, and
soon his father will have another
son in the army, where two of the
ALLENS to-day uphold the good re-
pute of the name. Something tells
us that the youngster will come out
all right. If he does not, he will be-
tray a parent who deserves better
treatment.

Cooled up in city walls, where juve-
nile contempt for parental super-
vision grows rank, where the policeman
on the corner and the magistrate on
the bench replace the patriarchal
rule of a simpler day, we forget the
fine authority the father exercises
in less crowded communities. The
old order persists, despite our igno-
rance. The hand of parental correc-
tion has not been altogether shackled.
There are settlements where it is
still possible to enforce obedience
without consulting the penal code or
asking whether the case falls under
Federal or State jurisdiction. In those
regions responsibility is fixed, inescap-
able and unshirked; and from them
JOHN CALHOUN ALLEN, Sr., brought
a freshening and enlivening atmos-
phere to a town too familiar with
delegated powers and not accustomed
to the salutary processes of direct
action.

The Ruthless Destruction of Art by
the Teutons.

The last air raid on Venice was
less productive of results than several
that preceded it, by which Venetian
churches were reduced to ruins and
works of art destroyed. The unfortu-
nate lagoon islands of Murano and
Chioggia were bombarded; the mu-
seum of ancient Venetian glass on
the first of these and the Church of
San Domenico with its painting by
CARPACCIO on the second must have
been especially attractive targets for
Teuton marksmanship.

The attempts to destroy Venice
seen as wanton and useless as the
ruthless destruction of a piece of fine
old lace or an ancient Greek statue.
A German explanation is ready at
hand, however, by a German writer,
who says:

"When the monuments and cathed-
rals, the statues and the pictures,

churches and the palaces of Venice,
Milan, Florence and Rome feel the
sharpness of the German sword, it will
be—just as Goethe knew that it will be—
just judgment that overtakes them."

He asserts that the well being of
the least significant German soldier
is of more value than the "most mag-
nificent gem of ancient or modern art."

Venice is so distinctly a treasure
house of antiquities and art which
could not be replaced, and in this
regard belongs so much more to the
whole world than to Italy alone, that
it seems impossible for civilization
to understand the Teutonic rage for
its destruction. But it is in keeping
with Germanic vandalism elsewhere,
with the useless destruction of the
thirteenth century castle at Concy,
the reduction of the superb historical
cathedral at Rheims, and the burn-
ing of the university and library of
Louvain. These violations of the
rights of civilization were denounced
in this country even before we en-
tered the war. We believed that the
preservation of these monuments was
a duty from which warfare did not
release a people, that it was a duty
that even a warring nation owed to
civilization.

The course of Germany in filling
the world with these horrors seems
perfectly incomprehensible, yet it is
thoroughly consistent with her pol-
icies and motives in the war.

Never mind, Cousin J. B. We
were a trifle sore at your German King 141
years ago to-day when we said those
things, and we notice that you are a
trifle sore on the same family now.

We distinctly heard children cheer-
ing in City Hall Park early this morn-
ing. We trust that no such breach of
solemnity will mar to-day's mourning.

Now, boys, all together: Three tears
for Liberty!

Solemnity, too, covers a multitude
of sins.

The distillers and rectifiers will
have no difficulty in obeying the offi-
cial injunction to be solemn on this
Independence Day.

The Post Office Department has re-
cently ruled that ethyl alcohol, hith-
erto regarded only as a chemical, is
an intoxicating liquor. An entirely
new member is thus officially cre-
ated in the ranks of the beverages
who are ready to "try anything once."
It may now call for an ethyl alcohol
today, or for a C.H.O.H. spirit.
The absorber, however, be sure that
he is not served with amy! or butyl,
or any other of the alcohol family,
and should flatly refuse to accept
C.H.O.H. as a substitute. Ethyl is
the only one of the family officially
recognized.

If that eminent advocate of State
socialism CHARLES F. MURPHY should
go to Petrograd he might be able to
influence the fellow radicals to con-
sidered action.

Our neighbor BEN FRANKLIN must
be a little puzzled over modern customs.
He felt it consistent with the decen-
cy of the occasion to crack a good
joke when he signed the Declaration
of Independence, and he will scarcely
understand the necessity for public ex-
hibitions of woe on the celebration of
the 141st birthday of that interesting
document.

KERENSKY may be frail and ill, but
the Germans are the sicker to-day.

Cheer up. If we are a little shy
of parading troops on this glorious
Fourth in New York, PARSNIP's boys
are marching on the Paris boulevards.

The flags of our allies float appro-
priate and beautiful from City Hall
when occasion calls for their display;
but the building never looks better
than when only the city, the State and
the national colors are shown on its
historic walls.

Crowds in Petrograd beat pacifist
orators.—The news.

Rough stuff; Boston stuff.

A great many Americans now wish
that he had formed the five o'clock
habit so that they might sacrifice it
to their country's good.

"Extraordinary importance," says a
cable message prearranged a revolution
in Spain, "is attached to the fact that
the King and Queen cancelled a polo
game engagement." Extraordinary im-
portance? We trust that President Win-
ston will never set public apprehension
in Europe agog by cancelling an en-
gagement for a game of golf.

Even old toppers will not regret the
legal ban to be put on some of the
stuff that is sold as whiskey.

While HAM LEWIS disregards the
Constitution some of his constituents
are breaking the commandment against
murder.

No sooner does Russia settle down
than China flies up.

The Erie Canal is a century old to-
day, and on such a solemn occasion it
should be remembered that the canal
has cost this State.

Russia is providing a separate peace
for several thousand German prisoners.

As a republic we have lasted 138
years longer than China.

Possibly East St. Louis felt it nec-
essary to prove that it is tougher than
Boston.

This KERENSKY fellow seems yet not
to appreciate Kultur.

Governor Curtin.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The
correspondence in regard to the war
Governor during the years remembered
by one who was among the young work-
ers for the "soldier boys" recalls the
day when before the election a great
parade passed through Pittsburgh and
Allegheny, many trades represented, and
from one of the wagons nails were scat-
tered to the street and eagerly collected,
each one bearing the stamp of the let-
ter "L."

One of the banners carried had this
motto:

We will raise the "Curtain" in October,
and bring out Lincoln in November.
And so it went.

NRACZ, July 3.

THE GADFLY.

The airplane hovered directly over
the submarine base. It rose, it circled,
it darted away and returned with an
insect's persistence. Such was its buzz-
ing mobility that the aircraft gun-
barked to no purpose. At length, as
it satisfied with its observations, the
gadfly mounted swiftly, slipped behind
a fleecy cloud and appeared no more
that day.

On the morrow it became visible
again, very suddenly, dropping straight
down upon the seaport. It poised at a
low altitude for a full minute. Two
men were noticed. One was driving,
the other turned some kind of crank.
When the air artillery went into ac-
tion the plans staggered to and fro
with bewildering speed, ascending as
it did so and eventually vanishing
in the sky.

The next day was cloudy with a feel
of rain. Not one but half a dozen
of the aerial insects hung overhead,
now almost stationary, now shooting
back and forth, resembling nothing so
much as a group of flies in restless
confusion at the immensity of the sub-
marine base. The warning was short,
lasting only a few minutes, and again
the defending guns, though they scored
palpable hits, failed to bring down a
single plane.

The defenders were decidedly uneasy.
It was impossible to tell what form
the attack would take, impossible to
tell when it would be delivered.

At the hive of the enemy all was a
bustle of preparation. Long strips of
film were being developed; and seated
in a darkened auditorium a thousand
eyes saw what four had seen a few
hours earlier. The exact number of
aircraft was made and scales of dis-
tances computed. These two dry docks
which appeared an inch apart on the
celluloid strip—how far apart were
they on the ground? A moment's fig-
uring would tell.

Maps were made and distributed and
precise objectives outlined in dozens
of written orders.

A delay of forty-eight hours fol-
lowed, less for the completion of pre-
parations than for the sake of enemy
uncertainty. On the sixth day the
attack was made.

The adoption of such a
seemingly long thin line, but on coming
over the seaport they displayed a va-
riety of formations. They were like a
flock of wild geese, now in a wavering
V shape, now in column, now looping
through the air in a haphazard way.
The aircraft gunners fired at them
suddenly separated as if a shell from
an aircraft gun had burst among them,
sending them flying forty ways. Each
of the hundred planes descended swiftly
in its own fashion and as straight
as might be for its special prey.

The defenders were amazed at the
confusion. It was impossible to alter the
aim of the guns quickly enough; im-
possible quickly enough to find new
ranges; the division of one fairly large
though fluctuating target into a hun-
dred widely divergent targets wrought
chaos. Still, the planes bore down
on the city unaimed at.

In five minutes a series of explosions
began. The dry docks were blown to
pieces. Torpedo planes launched tor-
pedoes which either destroyed the sub-
marine base or, running marines lying
in the canals or, running marines lying
in the canals, shattering them and
choking the outlets of the canals with
earth and cement rubble. Other planes
dropped inflammables upon the town.
Still others spouted liquid fire or let
fall small compass bombs which, when
amuck, struck the watermen when merely
tinkled with a feather.

The fury of the onset was over in
a few minutes. But it was repeated.
Five times in that afternoon a hundred
of these winged destroyers came
thronging over the port. Their tactical
tactics varied, but always at a certain
moment they split apart. Each insect
left the swarm and became a single
hornet stinging alone.

The most important success was in
the destruction of coast defenses and
in the explosion of a three mile stretch
of the mine field. At nightfall the
city was shrouded in a thick smoke
completed the extermination of the
undersea craft's nest.

On the following day, which was the
seventh and Sunday, a single airplane
hovered directly over the wasted sub-
marine base. It rose, it circled, it
darted away and returned with an
insect's persistence. At length, as it
satisfied with its observations, the
gadfly mounted swiftly, slipped behind
a fleecy cloud and appeared no more.

THE SOLDIER'S FEET.

Cynical Description of the Substitutes
for Good Leather.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: On
"The Soldier's Feet," published June 28,
you put a subhead, "The Necessity of
Chiropractors—If Our Armies Are to Be
Their Best." The dash is my own sug-
gestion to call attention to the need of
corp doctors to be provided in the chi-
ropody bill, as \$38 a month is all a
marine corps corn cutter can get for
enlisting as a sergeant corn follower. That's
where the shoe pinches.

We down East Yankees too well know
corn and corn cutters. For from one John
Adams, our first President and "best
in New England" shoemaker at that
time, down to this age of shoe ma-
chinery, when most United States army
shoes are "made in New England," we
know the art and the state of the craft.

There were no corn cutters on the Indians
before John, because his "bottom
filling" was pigskin saddle leather, which
"levelled" the soles and could not scale
the foot. Now the crafty shoe ma-
chinery agents under medical majors,
with the consent of the Government,
but not of the governed, ape our corn-
cutters' last and fat insoled welt, sew
on a ridge around the toe, ball and
shank; tack another about the heel and
then fill up the hole with sawdust,
gummed and stuck in hot with "shank
pieces" of bowed steel, to "give spring
to the foot in stepping." And there are
the doctors' excuses for honest work
and real leather. When our Sammy
comes marching home with his contract
shoes full of foot deformity and "hot
box" blisters he will have been more
crippled by uneasy boots than by all the
diseases of camp life.

L. F. SMALL.

BRAINTREE, MASS., July 2.

Hunt the Hun.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Speaking
of slogans, what do you think of
"Hunt the Hun?"

New York, July 3.

A Rhyme for Haig.

You need not wait for Kipling
To make a rhyme for Haig,
Whose prowess and victory
Are anything but vague.

PHILADELPHIA, June 30, A. W. WOOD.

FIAT MONEY.

A Suggestion That Was Sure to Be
Made by Somebody.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: We
have \$346,651,016 United States notes
outstanding under the act of May 31,
1862, which provides that these notes,
commonly called "greenbacks," when paid
in to the Treasury shall be released.

Since the passage of that act no green-
backs have been destroyed and the
amount in circulation has remained the
same. One hundred million in gold has
been set apart for their protection.

Why not increase the amount of these
notes to one billion, that is, increase
them \$653,348,984? If this were done
it would save nearly twenty three mil-
lion at 34 per cent. in interest.

The power of Congress to make these
notes a legal tender for all debts, public
and private, has been decided in the
affirmative (see the Legal Tender Case,
110 U. S. 421). Neither national bank
notes, gold nor silver certificates have
such a characteristic, nor can Congress
impart it to them.

Under the present system of banking
it is not probable that their combination
could demand payment of even a hundred
million, but certainly a hundred million
added to the gold reserve would afford
sufficient protection. If this were added
the circulating medium of the country
would be increased as a consequence.

There is no appreciable difference between a green-
back bill and a United States bond ex-
cept that the latter bears interest, while
the